CHINA'S GREAT ACTOR

NOW PLAYING AT CHINESE THE-ATER IN NEW YORK.

A Night at the Playhouse Reveals a Fine Artist Who Is Harassed by Century Old Tra-

ditions.

From the New York Herald. It may surprise the unlearned to know that the greatest actor in the world is new making his first American tour, and, furthermore, that he is playing in New You may perhaps not agree with me in the statement that he is the greatest actor in the world, nor shall I quarrel with ou if you don't. I take the word of Luk Ling for it, and Luk Ling is a man of

much knowledge of the drama. If you wish to see for yourself go down to the Choy Ting Quoy, in Doyers street, some night and sit in judgment upon the merits of Fon Chong Mai. You may not take the same view of it as Luk Ling, for he is a manager, and managers, you know, sometimes look at art through gold rim-



FON CHUNG MAI, CHINA'S FAMOUS ACTOR.

med glasses. But you must admit to your-self that Fon Chong Mai is a great actor. Had you gone last week you might have seen the popular tragedy "Son Fong Quon" seen the popular tragedy "Son Fong Quon" -that is, you might have seen it in its entirety if you had attended every performance, lasting from 6 o'clock in the evening butil midnight. This is a condensed version, for Luk Ling, who manages Chinatewn's theater, has absorbed one quality of the American manager—a quality which permits him to take liberties with the works of the great masters to suit the exigencies of the hour.

"Son Fong Quon."

If Augustin Daly may "adapt" Shakespeare and Rostand, why should we frown upon Lak Ling when he cuts a thirty day

play to fit in one week?

I had the pleasure of seeing a portion of "Son Fong Quon" one night last week, and carried away with me a vivid recollection of a gifted actor harassed by century old traditions; of an orchestra reminiscent of a hundred boiler factories rolled into one, and a headache which defied either analy-

You dive into the Chinese theater, down in Doyers street. You don't walk in, or stroll in, or even drop in, although the latter means of egress is quite possible. Dive in is the only word that really fits, You go down a couple of steps off the narrow sidewalk, when you come to the box office. Here you exchange the coin of the realm for a bit of pasteboard bearing queer hieroglyphics, which you present at the door after going down another step.

The man who takes your ticket at the door is a white man. If you are so fortunate as to make his acquaintance he may make it very pleasant for you. He will tell you that his name is Fred Delaca, that he is the assistant manager and the only white man employed in the establishment. He is a most amiable young man, and if you strike his fancy he may even arrange it so that you can meet the great actor. Fon Chong Mai.

The Chinese Superstition. You dive into the Chinese theater, down

too much. At any rate, you would have to wait until the end of the performance, for the Chinese actors are by no means free from the superstitions which the members of the profession are prone to.

1 do not think Fon Chong Mai would bestate to begin a tour on a Friday, even thould it fall upon the 13th of the month. I believe he would even walk under a ladder if he were satisfied in his own mind that it wouldn't fall on him. But speak to any one during the course of a performance? Never, The thing is unheard of. It would bring him bad luck.

Fon Chong Mail is a tragedian and female impersonator. Did he have a press agent we should hear great stories of stolen jewels, of romantic love affairs, perhaps of mik baths. But they had no press agents eighteen hundred years ago, when "Son Fong Quon" was written, and the play was given last week exactly as produced on its first night in Canton.

The great actor brings over with him an all star company, including two or three Chinese actresses.

The amiable Mr. Delaca conducted me to those in the rear of the house, from which I could see the stage through a cloud of smoke arising from a sea of black hats with serious, yellow faces under them. The box was quite large, and contained in addition to myself a party of sightseers from the avenue, under the escort of "Chuck" Conners, and a rara avis in the person of a communicative Chinaman. I made friends with him at once.

communicative Chinaman, 1 made friends with him at once.

An Intense Audience.

There was a sharp slope down to the queer little stage, but the spectators in the tear of the crowded house sat perched up on the backs of the wooden benches, so as to miss no portion of the play. Occasionally, as the chatter of the intruders from uptown became noticeably loud, they would glare back and say:

Too muchee talkee!"

It was for all the world like a box party at the Metropolitan; only it was all so different. But the elements of human nature were identical.

art of the mime, the art of creating an illusion without the aid of stage environments. His pantomine was superb. His impersonation of the false wife moved the audience deeply. His portrayal of the varying moods even to one who had no idea of what it was all about, conveyed a feeling that here was primitive art.

Fancy an irving or a Mansfield attempting to create an illusion on a perfectly bare stage, with no calciums, and a maddening orchestra sprawled at the back, punctuating each sentence with the wall of weird string instruments or the deafening clash of great cymbals.

at cymbals. ould any English speaking actor Interest

Could any English speaking actor interest his audience in a play when a placard, stuck up at the side of the stage, announces that ten years have flown without even the dropping of a curtain? Think you that by walking twice around the stage any actor of your knowledge could create the impression that he had gone on a two days' journey?

fournes?

I was fortunate in seeing both the attempts at suicide. The first time the unhappy woman personated by Fon Chong Mai attempted to drown berself in the well. Although it looked like a soap box covered with a silken scarf, you knew it was a well, for the old gardener with a

Fon Chung Mal jumped recklessly into Fon Chung Mal jumped recklessly into the well, but was rescued by the faithful old servant to accompaniment of an outburst from the orchestra. This was a most thrilling moment. I have more than once sat in the top gallery of a Bowery theater, during the course of some thrilling Western melodrama, in the old days before the gods had assumed the blase air of the habitual theatergoer, but never have I seen such intensity of interest as was pictured on the faces of that throng of Chinamen.

Some had even mounted the very stage itself and stood grouped on the outer edges at either side, without a rebuke from either management or players.

Another Attempt.

Another Attempt.

The second attempt at suicide was more elaborate. The preparations were made with due care. A chair was placed in the center of the stage by an attendant. Propped against this was a long pole, surmounted by something that looked like a feather duster. My friend, the communia feather duster. My friend, the communi-cative Chinaman, said it was a tree.

Then Fon Chong Mai, with much ela-borate explanation in pure Cantonese, pro-ceeded to make another attempt to shuffle off this mortal coil. With a long scarf and aided by his wonderful pantomime, the feather duster on the pole became a gib-bet. But Woo Falk came to the rescue, and in the melee that followed I turned to my friend the Chinaman for an explana-tion.

tion.
"Him cuttee thee down," said that enthusiastic spectator. And I had to be satisfied. isfied.

Finally the evening's entertainment came to an end, and the Chinamen all left their seats and filed solemnly out of the dingy little theater to await the following evening, when the thread of the story would be resumed. Just how they knew it was over for the night was something of a puzzle, for as near as I could judge there was no denouement, and certainly there was no curtain to be rung down.

Fon Chong Mai at Close Range. Back of the little stage, in the one large iressing room curtained off at one end for the comfort of the ladies of the company, I was much interested in studying the per-I was much interested in studying the personality of the great tragedian and female impersonator. Despite the fact that my interpreter was rather uncertain of his lines. I fully realized that I was in the presence of an intellectual giant.

Fon Chong Mai has never seen a dramatic performance other than in Chinese. Nor has he any curiosity to visit our American playhouses and compare his own primitive methods with our modern achievements in stagecraft. He is perfectly content in the traditions of his fathers, nor does he realize that the rest of the world has left him far behind.

ize that the rest of the world has left him far behind.

I found him to be a young man of 30, with a plastic face, keen, glittering eyes, and a wonderful voice, ranging from the guttural gruffness of the soldier to the purring staccato of the intriguing wife. Fon Chong Mai comes of a family of celevated actors, and for 300 years they have been at the head of their profession in Canton.

A Man of Learning.

A Man of Learning.

I found him to be a young man of much learning. Indeed, how could be be otherwise? His repertoire is large, and some of his plays fill a hundred volumes. Think of

wise. His repertoire is large, and some of his plays fill a hundred volumes. Think of the man's memory! Think of the mental training and the intellectual force and energy necessary to interpret these musty old plays! And yet Fon Chong Mai is an enthusiast.

He has made much money. He is rich. His salary at the Chow Ting Quoy in Doyers street is a record breaker, and he has a year's contract. His costumes are marvels of Oriental richness. Mr. Delaca is authority for the statement that some of them are valued at as much as \$1,500 apiece.

In the dressing room behind the scenes, where joss lamps throw their faint glow over a little altar, and where the air is heavy with incense, hung a mass of the most exquisite gowns. Embroidery in gold and silver adorned many of them, and all were of rich texture and bewildering tims. Some are heirlooms, passed down from other generations, and the entire collection represents the accumulation of several lifetimes.

Century Old Traditions.

Century Old Traditions. It was useless to ask many questions,

for Fon Chong Mai was weary after his night's work. I wanted to ask him how he make it very pleasant for you. He will itell you that his name is Fred Delaca, that he is the assistant manager and the only white man employed in the establishment. He is a most amiable young man, and if you strike his fancy he may even arrange it so that you can meet the great actor. For Chong Mai.

The Chinese Superstition.

This is an honor, however, that is not lightly conferred, and you must not expect too much. At any rate, you would have to wait until the end of the performance, for the Chinese actors are by no means free from the superstitions which the members of the profession are prone to.

I do not think Fon Chong Mai would

A Stolen Meeting.

Prince Kropotkin, in the December Atlantic. While at home during vacation, one night after 10, one of the servants beckoned me, asking if I would come out to the entrance hall. I went. "Come to the coachman's house," the old major domo Frol whispered to me. "Alexander Alexelevich is here,"

hall. I went. "Come to the coachman's house," the old major domo Frol whispered to me. "Alexander Alexelevich is here."

I dashed across the yard, up the flight of steps leading to the coachman's house, and into a wide, half dark room, where, at the immense dining table of the servants. I saw my brother.

"Sasha, dear, how did you come?" and in a moment we rushed into each other's arms, hugging each other and unable to speak from emotion.

"Hush, hush! they may overhear you," said the servants' cook, Praskovia, wiping her tears with her apron. "Poor orphans! If your mother were only alive—"Old Frol stood, his head deeply bent, his eyes also twinkling.

"Look here, Petya, not a word to any one; to no one, 'he said, while Praskovia placed on the table an eartheware jar full of porridge for Alexander.

He, glowing with health, in his cadet uniform, already had begun to talk about all sorts of matters, while he rapidly emptted the porridge pot. I could hardly make him tell me how he came here at such a late hour. We lived then near the Smolensky boulevard, and the corps of cadets was at the opposite outskirts of Moscow, full five miles away.

He had made a doll out of bedclothes, and had put it in his bed, under the biankets; then he went to the tower, descended from a window, came out unnoticed, and walked the whole distance.

He intended to come next night, too, but for some reason it would have ben dangerous for the servants, and we decided to

He intended to come next night, too, but for some reason it would have ben dan-gerous for the servants, and we decided to part till the autumn. How terrible would have been th punishment if he had been discovered! It is awful to think of it; flogging before the corps till he was car-ried away unconscious on a sheet, and sent to a soldiers' sons' battalion,—all was possible in those times.

officerent. But the elements of human nature were identical.

The play was being given "by request." The play was being given the property of the presentation of the false who bearts, and we decided to part till the autumn. How terrible would have been the purishment if he had been all about it. His version was corroborated by the versatile Mr. Delaca, who boasts, among his numerous accomplishments, the ability to understand Chinese.

In "Son Fong Quon" the great actor plays a female part, that of the young wife of a rich old warrior who has gone to fight a neighboring clan. At the time of my strival he had been absent for two years. His son had also gone to the rescue of his fond father, who was held captive by the enemy. In the meantline the wife, forgetful of her liege lond, falls in love with a rich nobleman. A haby is horn to her, and she is in despair of the return of her husband.

She was a very lachtymose creature, and twice did she attempt to commit suicide once by throwing herself into a well, and once by throwing herself into a well and once by throwing herself into a well and once by hanging.

A mester of Pa

Tolstoi's Clever Daughter



Maria Lwewna, Count Telstoi's 16-yold daughter, has written a drama of siderable literary merit.

horse's tail for a beard had just drawn a bucketful of water from it after much effort. HAILTO A NEW REPUBLIC

UNITED STATES OF CENTRAL AMER-ICA A PROBABLE POWER.

They Have Suddenly Taken Their Place Among the World's Nations -Nicaragua, Salvador and Hondurns.

From the New York Herald. Now come the United States of Central America, a nation which has arisen out of much revolution. It is composed of Nicaragua, Salvador and Honduras, which have various times done a little fighting together and against each other. The seat of government was moved last week from Anapala, the temporary capital, to Chinandega, in Nicaragua. A constitution, which is practically that of our own country, was adopted early this month. So the new na-tion, pocketed between Guatemala and Costa Rica, two states not particularly friendly to it, has begun its existence.

Enthusiasts have been singing of the blessings of a union of the five states of Central America for many years-ever since the federation made in 1823 was destroyed by strife and jealousies. Central American politics is an intricate game. In view of history there have been doubts expressed as to the permanence of the present union. Yet if the Nicaragua canal is built there may be a development and a building up of these Central American states, which will give their institutions stability. This new nation which has just been called into being may become an important factor in the life of the world. There have been affairs recently which have turned the eyes of the nations to the Southern part of this continent. There was the trip of the battieship Oregon, for instance. The saving of a voyage about Cape Horn might have made an appreciable difference in the conduct of the Spanish-American war. It will be interesting to see what effect the formation of this new nation will have upon the canal concessions given by Nicaragua to the canal.

Political Possibilities. American politics is an intricate game. In

Political Possibilities. There is no limit to the effects which may follow the formation of this new unification of the Latin republics. The three states which are enclosed in the middle of Central America are keeping at arms' length two nations with whom their relations are constantly disturbed. There is Guatemala on the north and Costa Rica on the south. Between these two republics stretch the mahogany forests of Honduras. Salvador and Nicaragua. Salvador has had several encounters with Guatemala, and Nicaragua and Costa Rica are on especially good terms. It has always been said when the subject of the union of the fivo republics was discussed that Guatemala was the key to the situation. The United States of Central America look to the north and the south, and there is a chip on its shoulder. Let Guatemala try conclusions with little Salvador, if she will, and there are Nicaragua and Honduras ready to join the fray. Let Costa Rica throw down the gage of war to Nicaragua, the United States of Central America will go into the arena to pick it up.

Theoretically, the five states are supposed to have a community of interests; to be a greater republic, the members of which are bound together by indissoluble ties. Revolution seems inborn in the body politic of these countries.

The wars and internal disorders have undoubtedly interfered with the prosperity and progress of the republics. While the United States of America was building rallroads, reclaiming the widerness and improving harbors, Central America was pursuing the game of revolution. War and intrigue, the creation of governments only to be overthrown by the appearance of a few hundred armed men, have filled the life of the people these many years. There was a time when you might make your way through Central America with the simple direction, "Go South three revolutions and turn one revolution to the right." Stability of government, the completion of a ship canal, the exchange of products with the United States, may work wonders in this land of change and shift. may follow the formation of this new uni-fication of the Latin republics. The three

Oldest America.

Here is the oldest community on the American continent and yet the last to take to itself a government which gives some sign of being an abiding one. Years before Jamestown was founded Spain had planted her colonies here and had ground planted her colonies here and had ground the natives under her heel. The rulns of once wealthy and influential cities still at-test the story of wealth and grandeur. Structures over the roofs of which centuries have passed remain to tell of the civiliza-tion which came to the land of republics and revolutions.

Structures over the roofs of which centuries have passed remain to tell of the civilization which came to the land of republics and revolutions.

It was on this neck of land that Columbus set foot when he first reached this continent. That was in 1502. Twenty years passed by and then the conquerer of Mexico—Hernando Cortes—hearing stories of the fabulous weaith of the countries which lay below, started south with an army of seasoned, maliciad veterans.

He reached his destination after two years of almost incredible hardship. He conquered Guatemala. The natives were slaughtered by the thousand. The conqueror or his lleutenants possessed the land. Granada, in Nicaragua, was founded and a civilization was built up on this continent which the Spaniards had largely learned from the Moors. In Granada many of the old buildings still stand.

All the countries of Central America were united under the name of Guatemala and a captain general presided over them. Those who have followed the history of Spain know how the proud old land ruled her Central American possessions. The native race was decimated under the hardships impose by its conquerors. The labor on the plantations and the toil in the mines brought death. Europeans and negroes were brought to the country.

Then Mexico gained her freedom. Then the Central American provinces of Spain demanded independence and in 1821 they received it. The Federal Union of Central America was founded in 1821, and until the close of 1828 it held the five states together. The states withdrew one by one.

With this period the name of General Marazon will always be associated. He was one of the founders of the union. Even after it had gone to pieces he tried to join together the fragments—to get the blocks which formed this puzzle of five into regular order again. He was shot at San Jose, in Costa Rica, in 1842, whither he had gone to attempt a coup in the interests of a unified Central America.

Everal efforts have been made since

Unsuccessful Attempts. Several efforts have been made since several efforts have been made since that. Unrest was the leading trait in the political characters of these republics. Revolutions sprang up from time to time in all of them. It was charged by each republic that its neighbor or neighbors were giving aid to the revolutionists which she had expelled from her borders. Less than a year ago Nicaragua came very near going to war with Costa Rican consul at Managua. Troops were marched to the frontiers and a treaty of peace was finally eigned. An unsuccessful effort was made by Guatemala in 1872 to effect a union of the states. General Justo Rufus Barrios came very near forming an organization in 1887. He discovered that Salvador was treacherous and marched against it. He conquered the Salvadoreans, but fell a victim to sharpshooters. By a treaty concluded at Analapa in 1886 all five of the republics formed a federation, which was called the Greater Republic of Central America. It amounted to little more than an agreement to leave questions in dispute to a diet of deputies appointed from the various republics. It will, of course, be superseded by the formation of the United States of Central America.

Diplomacy has sought to do everything possible to restrain jealousy and dissatisfaction in this new nation. The presidents of the states become governors. It has been agreed that none of them shall become a candidate for president of the new republic, who will be chosen on December 13. The successful candidate will be inaugurated next March. The new capital, Chinnadega, is in Nircaragua, onthe Pacific side. The temporary capital Analapa, was in Honduras, on an island in the Bay of Fonseca.

If the resources of this new nation were properly developed it would become a rich and peaceful nation. The forests of all three of the countries are rich in mahogany and dyewoods; gold and sliver have been found, there are fortunes in coffee and tropical fruits. The future of this trio of republies depends in a large measure as to what policy may be pursued with regard to the Nicarag that. Unrest was the leading trait in the political characters of these republics.

make on examination of canal routes. It is proposed to use the San Juan river, the boundary between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and Lake Nicaragua as a part of

the proposed waterway across Centrl America.

Nicaragua is as large as the group of states including Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. Honduras

is about the size of Ohio. Salvador is 140 miles long and sixty miles in breadth.

Nicaragua has been the scene of many condicts. The old cities of Granada and Leon warred for fifty years as to which should be the capital of the state. Leon, which is now partially in ruins, represented the ilberal party, and Granada the corservative. General William Walker, a New Orleans editor, and a distinguished scholar, was invited to the country in 1855. He setzed the supreme power, partly destroyed the city of Granada, and ruled with a high hand. The neighboring states aided his enemies against him, and expelled him from the country. He returned to Truxillo, in 1860, where he was shot. Salvador, the smallest of the three has always been an aggressive state, and has not been behind her neighbors in wars and revolutions. The capital is San Salvador.

A FAMOUS POET'S SISTER.

House Is the Shrine of Heine's Countless Ad-

mirers. A few weeks ago Charlotte Embden ; quiet old lady, celebrated her 98th birthday anniversary in Hamburg. She became fa-mous through her brother, the German poet, Henry Heine. She is still in full possession of her mental and physical facul-ties, and a chat with her is most interest-



CHARLOTTE EMBDEN.

and keen appreciation of humor, as much is by her wonderful memory. Her house is looked upon as a shrine of the countless admirers of Heine, as she was the favorite sister and only confidente of the poet. The sister and only confidante of the poet. The sate Empress Elizabeth, of Austria, also an ardent admirer of Heine's poems, once called upon Charlotte Embden. In the fall of 1888, on a bleak morning at 10 the "Countess Von Hohenembe," the usual incognito name of the empress, was announced to Frau Embden. The reply was that the old lady could not be seen so early in the day. But the situation quickly changed when the servant was sent in again with the message that the empress of Austria wished to see the sister of Heine. Probably the old lady had never dressed so quickly in her life. A few minutes afterward the two ladies sat in lively conversation, continuing for the rest of the conversation, continuing for the rest of the morning. "Never," she said later on, "did two hours fly away faster than while talk-ing with her majesty in her own simple way." The nonagenarian still delights in the kindness of the empress, and considers this as the most beautiful episode in her long life. The portrait here reproduced is taken from a drawing made on her birthday, three weeks ago.

THE NEW GIBSON GIRL.

the Is Jobyna Howland, Who Went to New York From Denver a Month Ago. The New York World has this to say of

Mr. Gibson's new model: Miss Jobyna Howland, who, like Lochiavar, came out of the West, has conquered New York's studies with her statuesque loveliness. She is tall, givinely fair, and combines the graces of the Du Maurier, Wenzel and Gibson girls

Less than a month ago she stepped from



MISS JOBYNA HOWLAND.

Once here, it was quite by accident she happened upon this studio life of hers. She needed something to occupy her mind from a bereavement at home, and to keep the pennles tripping into her purse. Walking through an art gallery one morning she thought of a plan: She would call at some artist's studio and tell him she wanted to pose for his society sketches.

That was just three weeks ago, and now! Well, you are a very lucky mortal, indeed, good sir, if you get Miss Howland's nam on your pose list at all.

Miss Howland possesses all the attributes an artist's model need possess—the slender, graceful figure, combined with an impassioned, intellectual face.

She measures just six feet from the heel of her foot to the crown of her red gold hair. She carries herself like a queen. One wonders, sometimes, if she hasn't just stepped from a canvas.

"I'm a born Bohemlan," she laughed, "and always loved to prowl about studios, and somehow! I think I might have been half a success as an artist if I'd tried.

"One must get into the spirit of a picture if one is to pose well. I find," she said.

"The first sketch! I ever sut for was a society girl looking disdainfully at some invisible masculine admirer. The artist kept saying. 'Now, you know he is 'way beneath your notice! He's just too insignificant for anything! You can't treat him with too much scorn!" My nose kept getting higher and higher, and the droop to my eyelids lower and lower, and I actually felt an insufferable disdain for my invisible wooer. And again, when I posed as a disconsolate young thing I was made to feel that my heart was breaking. The corners of my mouth drooped and my eyelids quivered. "So it is with every emotion one wishes to depict. One must catch the spirit of it, else it is useless to try.

"Do you know, the eyebrows are really the most expressive? One rarely thinks how much play they give to the face when speaking. Why, when one poses for a picture one brites them into every conceivable expression of feeling."

From Harper's Magazine

A Jewish Trillby.

From Harper's Magazine.

An interesting example of the influence of the life about them is in the play of Trilby. The plot is from the American play, and many passages are almost identical. The local color and character, however, have suffered as complete a translation into Yiddish terms as the language. Trilby's name easily becomes Tilly. Taffy is Herr Gottlieb, and Little Billee is Herr Werner. Svengali is Herr Hartmann, and the racial distinction of which Du Maurier made so much is perforce ignored. The characters seems all to belong to one family, and Svengah is Little Billee's uncle, Yet the permanence of stage tradition crops out in his nose. Not content with what nature had lavished on him, he built it a story or two higher on the bridge. From Harper's Magazine.

GAMES THAT BROUGHT DISASTER TO AN INSTITUTION IN RENO.

Four Aces Good Collateral-Banker Who Furnished Funds to Love's Opponents Forced Out of Banking Business.

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Another poker game, or rather the con-tinuation of one which began when John Love, Colonel Reed, Lucky Sanders and

he was a poker player. With five cards in his hands and a high stack of vellows and blues, he would back his judgment until the last check had passed into the hands of his adversaries and the last dollar from his pocket. These four played for cash and cash only.

"Put you' papah in the stove. Gentlemen nevah ask favors in a gentleman's pokah game," Colonel Reed had frequently ob-served when paper was offered in lieu of cash. And the colonel was a poker player also. He played with a calm deliberation which threw his companions entirely off guard. Lucky Sanders, so called because of his good fortune at poker, his first name having never been known to his compan-lons, was a quick player. A glance at his five cards and his draw settled it with

him.

Plugger Jones had acquired his Christian name because of his anxiety to spend all his waking hours at the Reno hotel poker table. When Plugger got up in the morning his first act was to "low" to someone that he "wouldn't mind sittin' in." He rarely failed to have a quorum seated about the marble top table before the dinner hell was heard. It was so on this occasion, and Love and the colonel seemed to have all the luck. Thus the game ran until Lucky and Plugger saw their plies of checks each representing \$100 disappear one after the other. Lucky was dealing and he asked Plugger, who sat at his right, to cut the cards.

"Shucks. Go on. I'll see if I can't drap on somethin' without cuttin'," he said.

Greatest of Their Games. The pasteboards were dealt without the cut. The colonel as usual was in calm delberation after picking up his hand. Jones seemed suddenly to become serious, and threw his cards into the discard with an oath. Lucky peeked at his just as Love covered the colonel's ante with a \$50 raise. Lucky's cards followed Plugger's into the Lucky's cards followed Plugger's into the deck. But the colonel came back at Love with a \$50 raise. Love looked again and raised the pot another \$50. The colonel met the raise and called for two cards.

"You uns are up against t'other now, I guess." Lucky remarked. Love stood pat and bet \$100. The colonel stood pat and bet \$100. The colonel stood pat and raised \$100. Love raised \$100 more. So did the colonel. Plugger nearly fell from his chair when Love made another \$100 raise, and suggested that "the limit be drapped." The colonel agreed, and began to count his pile. "Seven forty-three." he said, as he pushed it into the center of the table. "Here's \$479. All I got here. I'll write you an I. O. U.," Love said, pushing his pile into the mass of greenbacks and gold. "No gentleman would offah papah." the colonel said, as he had under similar circumstances a thousand times before. The remark seemed to anger Love. "Plugger, burn up all the cards but our hands," he ordered and Plugger gathered up the discards and deck and threw them into the open stove.

"Colonel. I propose to see them cards of yourn. Will you trust me on the honor of a gentleman to leave the room for more money? Write your own name on the back of each card."

Bankers Become Their Backers.

the colonel said, laying a pie of only in the heap.

By this time the news of the fierce poker game had spread about Reno and a score of miners were soon crowding about the players. Thus the betting went on, \$5,000 at a time, until the resources of both banks were exhausted. Love's last bet was \$7,500 and the colonel called it.

Breaking of Dawson's Bank.

Every one in the room stood on tiptoe and the deepest silence prevailed, for every one knew that the fate of one of the two banks hinged on those poker hands. Love locked so serious that his old acquaint-

banks hinged on those poker hands. Love locked so serious that his old acquaintances standing near gazed in wonder at him. With deliberation he threw his five cards, on which hinged the fate of Thomas' or Dawson's bank, on the table before him, face downward.

"Colonel, look at that writin' and tell the boys if those are the five cards I held in the game," he said.

The colonel looked at his signature on the back of each card and, after nodding assent, he laid his hand face downward for Love's inspection.

"All right, colonel." Love said.

Themas and Dawson, both confident, were glaring at each other when Love turned over one card. It was the ace of spadys, The miners leaned forward and Love turned over the ace of hearts. Then he exposed the ace of clubs. Dawson and the colonel looked at each other, and both colored slightly. Then Love turned over the ace of looked at each other, and both colored slightly. Then Love turned over the tray of spades. The two men looked wonderingly at each other. They knew that the next card meant life or death for Dawson's bank. Love did not hesitate a moment before he turned over the ace of diamonds. Tha colonel and Dawson seemed stunned for a moment. The colonel was the first to act. Taking up his five cards he tore them in two and, walking over to the stove, threw them into the fire. Dawson looked at Love as he raked in the pile of currency, gold and sliver to his side of the table. Then he left the room and three minutes later the doors of Dawson's bank were closed for all time.

The Last Days of Carlyle.

The Last Days of Carlyle.

Thomas Carlie, in the December Atlantic.

He generally spends his mornings till about half past 2 o'clock between lying on the sofa, reading in his easy chair, and smoking an occasional pipe. At half past 2 he goes out to drive for two or two and a half hours; sleeps on the sofa till dinner time (half past 6), then after dinner sleeps again, at 9 has tea, reads, or smokes, or telks, or lies on the sofa till bedtime, which is usually about midnight, and so ends the day. He looks very well in the face, has a fine, fresh, ruddy complexion, and an immense quantity of white hair; his voice is clear and strong, he sees and hears quite well; but for the rest, as I have said, he is not good at moving about. In general he is wonderfully good humored and contented, and on the whole carries his eighty-four years well. He desires me to send you his kind love, and his good wishes; as you know, he writes to nobody at all. I do not think he has written, a letter, even dictated one, for over a year. homas Carlyle, in the December Atlantic

She Was Cured as Mysteriously Told by Wrathful Gypsy. Woman.

A Boston paper says that a very remarkable case has been attracting the atten-tion of the people and puzzling country loctors in one of the new settlements of the San Joaquin river, in Texas. A popular and very pretty young lady, while seat-ed in church, was suddenly seized with an uncontrollable desire to laugh, though she was well aware of the fact that she had not seen or thought of anything calculated to originate such an emotion.

The young lady, whose name is Sallie Hollins, is fairly well educated, very full of life, and possessed of more than Another poker game, or rather the continuation of one which began when John Love Colonel Reed. Lucky Sanders and Plugger Joe struck the mining camp, two months before, was on. The "parlor" of the Reno hotel, with its side door opening into the bar, was the scene of the contest. More than a thousand times the little old marble top table had been fairly covered with greenbacks, silver and gold, while seated around it prosperous miners, like these four, had battled with Dame Fortune.

John Love had come to Reno from the East. Big, jolly and good natured, he was the brunt of all the jokes the horde of miners in the hotel could conceive. But he was a poker player. With five cards in the borde and provided the camp of nomads



that trip Sallie had refused to "have her fortune told." and that she had made a remark which offended the old crone who pretended to read the stars. The young girl is very popular in the neighborhood and her friends came to the conclusion that the old gypsy woman had done something to the girl—"put a spell on her." the old grandmothers said.

As the girl grew worse the young men of the neighborhood became more violent in their talk and threats about the gypsies. Finally a dozen of them got together and

As the girl grew worse the young men of the neighborhood became more violent in their talk and threats about the gypsies, Finally a dozen of them got together and determined to follow the meandering band and make the old crone release the girl make the old crone release the girl wisked woman had cast upon her. On the wicked woman had cast upon her. On the same day the young girl's father had concluded to take her to Galveston, in the hope of finding some specialist who could cure her. The poor girl had now been laughle was so very weak that she could not speak above a whisper.

The San Joaquin river was very much salow a whisper.

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The San Joaquin river was very much salow a transmit canoe.

Mr. Hollins is rather an old man, and he staggered and dipped the canoe considerably in attempting to reach his seat.

This frightened the young girl, and between the two, in their efforts to balance the boat, they turned it over. The girl disappeared in an instant and came to the surface ten or more steps down the stream.

The old man was easily rescued, but the girl was further from the shore when the boat capsized, and she was swept men at once plunged into the stream, and when she came to the surface the second time, fortunately one of them was withing men at once plunged into the stream, and when she came to the surface the second time, fortunately one of them was withing the water out of her lungs were:

"I am cured: I could not laugh now if I were to try." Her parents and friends were greatly rejoiced when they found after some hours that she had really recorded in his visual time. The first words she uttered after getting the water out of her lungs were:

"I am cured: I could not laugh now if I were to try." Her parents and friends were greatly rejoiced when they found after some hours that she had really recorded in the story meeting. One had only to think of those three covered from her peculiar affliction, a

of each card."

Bankers Become Their Backers.

The colonel did as requested and passed over his hand face downward for Love to mark. Then Love left the room. He bent his footsteps toward the larger of the two banks of Reno. At the doorway he encountered the president of the institution, deorge Thomas. Pulling his cards from the port of the pasteboards. "George, me and the colonel is a-goin' it. What's them worth?"

Thomas' eves fairly stood out of their sockets as he surveyed the pasteboards. "Them's wuth the whole sheebang," he replied.

A few minutes later Thomas, with his pockets bulging, accompanied Love to the Reno hotel parlor. "Colonel, this gentleman sees yo' raise and raises you a thousand." Love said, laying a stack of bills on the table with the heap of greenbacks and goods.

The colonel glanced and passed of Reno. Stepping to the cashler's window he asked for "Bill Dawson," the owner of the institution. Bill came around the partition.

A glance sufficed Bill. "Holy snakes and grasshoppers." he said. "Colonel, them is worth every cent in this bank."

Two minutes later Bill Dawson and the colonel appeared at the hotel parlor. Dawson swn Thomas and nudged the colonel. The two bunkers glared at each other, but neither spoke.

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A gushing, sentimental girl and her matter-of-fact aunt sat on a green hillside, the nunt endeavoring to enjoy nature, while her niece discoursed of things far and near without a noticeable pause for breath.

At last she spoke of the beauties of the landscape at a great length. "I love to listen to the music of that brook as it babbles on and on," she said, unwisely.

"Yes," said the nunt, seizing her first opportunity, "the babbling of a brook is a pleasant sound, my dear. I think I prefer it as a solo, however, rather than with another part. I don't care so much for a babbling duet."

Then for a few delightful moments there was slience on the green hillside.

GIRL LAUGHED FOR 3 DAYS. BARD OF AVON'S END.

SHAKESPEARE'S DEATH ASCRIBET; TO A "MERRY MEETING."

Great Men Drank Too Hard-Pity for Posterity That the Rev. Mr. John Ward Could Not Have Been There.

From the London Telegraph. The work of the recent 126th session of the London Medical Society was begun, at the rooms of the society, int Chandos street, by a short introductory address from the president, Edmund Owen. surgeon to St. Mary's hospital who re-marked that among the many treasures of their library were fifteen volumes of manuscript, which formed the diary or commonplace book of the Rev. Mr. John's Ward, M. A. Oxon, who was vicar of Stratford-on-Avon from 1662 to 1881. Having taken his M. A. degree in 1652, Ward left Oxford for London to study anatomy at the Barber-Chyrurgeon's hall, in Monkwell street (where Dr. Scarborough, the frend of Harvey, was giving demonstrations), and to acquire a general knowledge of the healing art.

Not very many years ago it was quite usual for the professions of divinity and medicine to be combined in the one in-dividual, and it was to be admitted that

dividual, and it was to be admitted that the custom still lingered in the persons of certain viscars and viscaressess, who were unable to keep themselves from dabbling in parochial medicine and quack remedies. Not a few country villages still contained such unorthodox practitioners, who dispensed medical advice to the peril of their too-considing parishioners and often to the annoyance of the local doctor.

But the Bev. Mr. John Ward was not an empiric of this sort. He had worked diligently to acquire a knowledge of the medical profession and was doubtless well nited to practice it under the license which he probably received from his hishop at the time that he entered upon his clerical duties. In his diary Ward asked himself specially to remember that he must "studies such diseases as are peculiar to women and also to children, so as to be ready at them when I come into the country." He evidently meant to be a good, all around man.

In His Notebook.

But the point to which Mr. Owen specialreferred was that on taking up his work in Stratford-on-Avon in the forty-sixth year after Shakespeare's death. Ward must, both as vicar and doctor, have been told of many facts concerning the bard by those who had been intimately acquainted with him. Unfortunately he did not record much about him in those memorandum books; what he did say had been seized upon by the industrious Halliwell-Phillips and duly recorded in his "Life of Shakespeare."

of the Arrest of Two

General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the gir-General Sir Herbert Kitchener, the sirdar commanding the Anglo-Egyptian expedition in the Soudan, is evidently a man of resource, if a story told of him be true. The sirdar is a tall, dark skinned man who in disguise would easily pass for a native, and his knowledge of the character of the tribes, and of their language, gives him an advantage in dealing with the people.

of the tribes, and of their language, gives him an advantage in dealing with the people.

At one of his camps on the Nile, so runs the story, two Arab date sellers were on a certain occasion arrested, being suspected of being spies. They were confined in the guard tent, and were not left long alone, for soon after their detention a third Arab prisoner was unceremonlously bundled into the tent.

Thereupon an animated jabbering began, and was carried on for a few minutes. The two prisoners were by no means reticent in the presence of one of their own race, who was, like themselves, a prisoner, and they let their tongues wag fast.

After a few minutes conversation the sentry was surprised to see the latest arrival draw aside the door and step out.

"All right, sentry," he said, "I am going to the general."

It was Kitchener, and he had himself investigated the case to see that justice was done.

A few minutes more passed, and again the door was opened. This time an orderly appeared. He handed a spade to each of the prisoners, and they were then marched outside, made to dig their own graves, and suspected, spies, and the general had convinced himself of the fact.

Rich in Information.

Rich in Information.

From Tid-Bits.

Stranger—"Beg pardon, sir, but you have it in your power to do me a great favor, and one that I will gladly repay."

Bankrupt (sadly)—"I? I am of no use to anybody. I have just failed for £29,000, with no assets."

"You know it, and yet you say I can be of service to you?"

"Yes, sir. I beg you will not refuse."

"But what can a miserable bankrupt like me do for anyone?"

"I want you to tell me, sir, how you got so much credit."

MUNICIPAL TROUBLES IN DAWSON CITY.

GODDESS OF THE YUKON-" TO WHOM SHALL I PRESENT THE CROWN?" (Picture and text from the Yukon Midnight Sun, published at Dawson,)

Now since Dawson's incorporation is a dates for the council have not expressed known quantity, the maddening race for office is on in all its fury. Caucusses are at present the all absorbing topic. As for

office is on in all its fury. Caucusses are being held by the selected few to learn the strength of the proposed candidates and to gauge their running qualities.

If all was told it would reveal a story of burning ambitions. And since a few of the El Dorado kings have expressed a determination to get into the fight it has changed the complexion of affairs in several quarters. Besides the well known residents, there are others who are lying low, ready to spring up when the time is ripe for making a good start. The candi-